

## The Sun

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1913.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Matter.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

DAILY, Per Month, \$3.00

DAILY, Per Year, \$30.00

SUNDAY, Per Year, \$5.00

DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year, \$35.00

DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month, \$2.92

THE EVENING SUN, Per Month, \$1.00

THE EVENING SUN, Per Year, \$10.00

Postage to foreign countries added.

All checks, money orders, etc., to be made payable to THE SUN.

Readers of THE SUN leaving town for the summer months can have the morning and Sunday editions delivered to them in any part of this country or Europe on the terms stated above. Addresses changed as often as desired. Order through newspaper or directly of Publication Office, telephone 2200 Beckman.

Published daily, including Sunday, by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association at 170 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York.

President and Treasurer, William C. Reich, 170 Nassau street; Vice-President, Edward P. Mitchell, 170 Nassau street; Secretary, C. E. Linton, 170 Nassau street.

London office, Edgemoor House, 1 Arundel street, Strand.

Paris office, 6 rue de la Michodière, off Rue du Quatre Septembre.

Washington office, 1115 Broadway.

Brooklyn office, 106 Livingston street.

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Mr. McAneny Contributes a Very Interesting Campaign Document.

We note that Mr. McAneny's habit of exact statement has seldom been exercised more conscientiously than in his estimate of Mr. JOHN PURROY MITCHELL's qualifications for chief magistrate of this town.

Let us translate some of the eulphisms which the exigencies of the political situation require of Mr. McAneny's honest pen:

Mr. MITCHELL has "a passion for efficiency" and in matters of administrative detail might do well. This is more important than the complexion of his ideals and ideas of what city government, in the larger sense, ought to be and ought to do here in New York.

In matters of broader city policy Mr. MITCHELL is a wild man and a most unpromising pilot for the municipal ship. But he would cast only three votes out of sixteen in the Board of Estimate. If the other thirteen votes should continue to represent sound, sane, conservative views of municipal policy, and if Mr. MITCHELL, with the power and prestige of the Mayor's office, should not succeed in winning them to his undesirable way of thinking, his notorious eccentricities of judgment and pernicious theories in the direction of socialism would be practically impotent in the City Hall.

To illustrate, Mr. MITCHELL has shown his congenial unfriendliness for the chief post in the city government by his course with regard to the transit contract. He did all that was in any agitator's power to obstruct, delay, baffle and defeat the efforts of such wise and able public servants as Mayor GAYNOR, Comptroller PRENDERGAST and Mr. McANENY himself to complete that undertaking in the city's interest and for its future good and greatness. But, as Mr. McANENY pleads in Mr. MITCHELL's behalf, Mr. MITCHELL's passionate activities in that respect came to naught. Certain contracts have been signed that put it out of his power as Mayor to change in the next few years the settled policy of the city. Even if, as Mayor, his "passion for efficiency" should impel him to renew his inimical and obstructive operations at the instance of his political friends, there would nevertheless be the saving influence of those sane votes in the Board of Estimate. They would always interpose themselves to prevent Mayor MITCHELL from working disaster to the city's interests; that is, always supposing that the corrective and restricting anti-Mitchell majority in the board remained unconvinced by his eloquence.

The foregoing seems to us to be a fair translation of what Mr. McANENY has to say in defense of the "equipment" of the head of the ticket on which he has decided, for wholly honorable and creditable reasons, to allow his own name to stand in a subordinate place. If our rendering does an injustice in any particular to the thoughts that are really in Mr. McANENY's mind we should be happy to have him point out our departure from the text.

Was there ever such a tribute to the hypothetical majority of sane public servants who are to prevent Mr. McANENY's candidate and associate from working as Mayor the dire mischief he unsuccessfully attempted in another capacity?

Was there ever such a lack of perspective in estimating the relative importance of Mr. MITCHELL's "passion for efficiency" in matters of administrative detail, and Mr. MITCHELL's passion for dangerous and disastrous political experiments in larger matters of municipal policy?

For example, suppose that Albany should pass a crazy bill embodying legislation with regard to the city—legis-

lation deplorable in the view of Mr. McANENY and sane citizens generally, but perhaps very attractive to Mayor MITCHELL's passion for efficiency. The bill would come to Mayor MITCHELL for acceptance or disapproval. What, we venture to ask, would be Mr. McANENY's estimate of the safeguard value of the hypothetical restraining vote in the Board of Estimate in that case?

It may be that a future nomination may produce a less desirable candidate for Mayor than the candidate whose qualifications and defects are so conscientiously and strikingly depicted by Mr. McANENY. In that event we are quite ready to announce that THE SUN will be for the lesser evil.

A Whiff of Ancient Scent.

The one good quality of strong language is its strength. We may clap shocked hands over modest ears, but the strong language endures and carries with it many a matter of weightier moment. Take Flanders for an example. We may have forgotten on what side stout Corporal John was fighting in the Low Countries, it would puzzle us to list his battles and sudden on-falls, but we can never forget what the army did in Flanders.

Similarly preserved through a tale of years which have rolled up into centuries, preserved through the perilous passage into a foreign speech, we encounter the tale of one of the small sea fights of adventurous days upon the Atlantic. In 1685 SIEUR DE LA COURBE was trading for La Compagnie Senegalaise on the coast which now is Senegambia, trading in ivory, both black and white. He wrote a long report of his commerce, commerce was then all adventure. Torn asunder in the middle his manuscript has just been discovered in the trash of the French National Library and now first sees the light after 200 years of oblivion.

On the beach at Goree, under the tongue of Cape de Verde, he met Captain CRISTAYE of the barque La Bretonne, trading for the same company. While playing on that coast Captain CRISTAYE had encountered an English privateer mounting forty guns. The Englishman laid the Frenchman aboard with the usual result. He searched the Frenchman's hold, he demanded gold, and SIEUR DE LA COURBE continues, "Je menaça de lui donner la gabelle s'il ne disoit la verité." That's not French, we had no idea that the stout English which has suffered no loss in translation was so old.

What then happened? Just the usual thing. It was most tersely set forth some years ago in a court-martial arising out of harsh treatment of sailors in our navy on the coast of that same Africa. The Rear Admiral presiding asked of the able bodied seaman what part the executive officer took in the disturbance.

"The First Luff he come on deck, sir, and he swore he'd knock thee—oh, well, deodand expresses the sense—boom off'n me, sir."

"And what then?"

"Also he done so, sir."

Exactly that happened to Captain CRISTAYE of La Bretonne at the hand of the English fighting man. We deplore such violence in act and speech, but we welcome this evidence of the antiquity of a stout phrase.

The Hon. John Lind's Mission.

No one familiar with conditions in Mexico as they affect American interests and the responsibility of the United States toward its own people and foreign Governments will envy ex-Governor JOHN LIND of Minnesota, who replaces Ambassador Wilson as intermediary between the Administration at Washington and Provisional President HUERTA. Officially Mr. Wilson had ceased to be Ambassador before he left the city of Mexico, but he was regarded as a diplomatic representative of the United States who was friendly to the fortunes of President HUERTA, and therefore to be tolerated, and even to be conciliated for whatever influence he had at Washington. It appears that he had none, for his proposal that the existing administration be conditionally recognized, with the alternative of intervention, was rejected. As it was President WILSON's policy not to recognize HUERTA or to approve of intervention, the Ambassador's usefulness was ended and something had to be done to meet the dilemma.

President WILSON's remedy for the ills both American and foreign interests suffer from in Mexico is mediation, which under the circumstances must be a vague term. The despatch of the Hon. JOHN LIND as legal adviser to the embassy and agent of peace and constitutionalism in Mexico is at best an experiment, a hit-or-miss adventure in diplomacy. One marvels at the courage of the President and wonders whether he is trusting in his lucky star. Mr. LIND is not an expert in Mexican affairs. It is said that he has no Mexican vocabulary, and must depend upon interpreters to conduct the simplest negotiations. He has had no diplomatic experience, and if he succeeds in his mission it must be because he has a genius for compromise and reconstruction.

President WILSON is said to be a good judge of men, but in this case his inspiration is apparently the Secretary of State. The Hon. JOHN LIND is an admirer of Mr. BRYAN, and if he falls in his mission theiasco may be charged to his idol. As Governor of Minnesota in 1898-1901 Mr. LIND owed the honor to Bryan influence in the State, and he sat in the Fifty-eighth Congress as an avowed Democrat, which is to be noted because from 1887 to 1893 he served in successive Congresses as a Republican. Politically the Hon. JOHN LIND has enjoyed the support of all parties in Minnesota, including that of the Populists. Nevertheless his hes-

itancy of purpose has never been impugned, and he is a man of few words, with a recognized talent for conciliation and compromise. He is at least the raw product of statesmanship.

Whether Mr. LIND can adapt the facility that has won him reputation in Minnesota to those conditions of angry and vengeful civil strife that divide Mexicans is the question to be determined. As an intelligent man he must enter upon the undertaking with misgivings. He will be received at the capital in the role of a mediator, but not with open arms. Hitherto the Mexicans in both camps have not been able to distinguish between mediation and intervention. The Minister of the Interior, AURELIANO URRUTIA, has announced for President HUERTA that he will not resign until a Presidential election has been held. Señor CARRANZA and Governors enlisted in his cause have declared against mediation of any kind, and they have given notice that unless President HUERTA retires after the campaign in the field will go on until their troops occupy the city of Mexico. Furthermore, they say that no free election can be held while Federalists are in possession of any of the voting districts. Mediator LIND must bring about a change of heart in both camps before any preliminaries can be arranged.

The situation appears to be this: President HUERTA, representing the Cientifico or conservative interests in Mexico, is not disposed to agree to any terms that will put them at a disadvantage, and the attitude of Governor CARRANZA and his followers is one of implacable opposition to those interests, mingled with which is a retributive hatred for the person of President HUERTA. Seldom has a diplomatic agent been called upon to deal with such an intricate problem as is committed to ex-Governor LIND. Americans will wish him goodspeed and success, realizing, however, the extraordinary difficulties with which he has to contend.

The Fusion Melody.

Political musicians are using their tuning forks hourly in order to get in key with the marvellous piece of harmony produced by Conductor HARBOOD. Its theory is apparently built upon the technical conception that discord is the basis of true harmony. Yet for some peculiar reason, doubtless arising from their own density, many auditors have been unable to grasp the emotional content or meaning of the melody.

Our neighbor the Evening Post has even gone so far as to declare that this intense dulness on the part of the voters is widespread.

"As it is, he [Mr. MITCHELL] must be a bit surprised and not a little chagrined to note the uncommonly cool, not to say chilling way in which his selection has been received."

Conductor HARBOOD evidently believed that the best acoustics for the proper production of his fusion oratorio could be found in an atmosphere such as the proprietors of rathskellers describe as "40 degrees cooler than the sidewalk." At a time of year when extremely cold water is said to be dangerous the fusion candidate suddenly found himself surrounded by ice pitchers.

Perhaps the largest of these has been presented by "Mr." MURPHY. This is strange, for Conductor HARBOOD could not have produced his concert at all had he not permitted the Bull Moose chorus to sing their "fundamentals" on the platform of "constructive liberalism." But Mr. MURPHY's paper says: "Mr. MITCHELL hasn't known in the last three and a half years as much about the problems of New York as Mayor GAYNOR has known in three and a half minutes."

We humbly suggest to Conductor HARBOOD that he print a score of his fusion movement, containing "the words and music of the opera," and send the ushers out at once to distribute it among so stupid an audience.

The Relief of Mr. Bryan.

Is it respect for the great office of Secretary of State or sympathy for Mr. BRYAN that prompts Democrats in Texas to raise a fund to eke out his salary of \$12,000 a year, so that he can meet the expenses of his household and entertaining in Washington? The total aimed at is \$50,000, "or whatever sum Mr. BRYAN may need as a supplement to his salary." Subscribers amounting to \$4,000 have already been reported.

Any man occupying the high position to which Mr. BRYAN has been called without reluctance might well feel humiliated by such manifestations of concern about his inability to keep up the dignity of the office. There have been Secretaries of State who were not rich men, and if they suffered they suffered in silence. Unlike Mr. BRYAN they were not popular lecturers and proprietors of newspapers with incomes by no means meagre.

It is for Mr. BRYAN to decide how much he shall spend upon his Washington establishment, but the country will not be inclined to believe that he stands in sore need of the fund of \$50,000 proposed by his admirers in Texas. The American people would think better of him if he asked his friends to desist.

"ROOSEVELT is at heart a conservative."—ORMSBY MITCHELL—News from Detroit.

LINCOLN was secretly a Socialist. BARLOW kept it to himself, but he was really a Whig.

"This is an age of humbug, and Woodrow Wilson is its prophet," declared W. BOWEN COCKRAN.—Despatch from Chicago.

Has the Hon. BOWEN COCKRAN been sitting too constantly before the mirror?

I have visited every navy yard, station and training school in continental United States. I shall now set about preparing my recommendations to Congress. Based upon my observations on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.—Secretary DANIELS.

That is easy enough, but the diff-

culty is not only to make recommendations that will really benefit the service, but to persuade Congress to consider them seriously.

Protection and socialism are twin evils, and illomened birds.—Senator SAUNDERS of Delaware.

Let him say this to the faces of the Democratic Senators from Louisiana if he dares.

Among the conquerors of Mount Rob-

ertson (18,070), the "King of the Cana-

dian Rockies," are Professor FAT of

Tufts College and Professor FRANKSON

of New York, which seems to prove that

mountain climbing preserves youth, for

Professor FAT is sixty-seven and Pro-

fessor FRANKSON will never see sixty

again.

Of course it is perfectly well understood that the New York police force is an incompetent, grafting body of men whose sole aim in life is to devote what time they can spare from the neglect of their duties to the accumulation of illicit wealth; and if the deeds of individual members of the force recorded day by day in the press seem somewhat inconsistent with these premises, why, then we must regard them as illustrating that well known adage that a rule is proved by its exceptions. On such a pre-

ception occurred on Monday night when

a young patrolman, PATRICK CORRAN,

lost his life in the execution of his duty.

He merely did what a policeman is sup-

posed to do should the occasion arise, a-

chased an armed man who had at-

tempted murder four blocks, was gain-

ing on him and had all but reached him

through the head when he was shot by

simple, and CORRAN, who is described by

his superiors as having been one of the

most promising young men on the force,

did no more than his duty. The point

to remember, however, is that he did

no less than dozens of his colleagues

stand ready to do whenever the occasion

calls.

IS THERE AN AGE LIMIT?

Reflections on Business Conditions by a

Man Over Forty-five.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: In an article in yesterday's SUN on "Business Conditions of the Country" you say "that the work is for every one." Now, I think you might add "who is under 45 years old."

I have had a business where I have had charge over ten to twelve persons, but I have given it up and have been looking for work since January 1. It seems I have reached the "dead line." Even the trolley companies do not want men over 45 years old.

I am a graduate from Old Grammar School 35, and have been a reader of THE SUN for more than thirty-four years, an education in itself, because THE SUN only shines for all, but it is the best of all.

I do not use tobacco or liquor, and I know I would "make good" if I could get a chance with some firm that wanted a man who would work hard, be interested and was faithful and honest.

T. J. B.

ELMHURST, L. I., August 4.

WHO ARE AMERICANS?

A Canadian's Partial Acknowledgment.

With a Sting in It.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Having read the letter of "Informers" in THE SUN concerning the only real friends of the United States to call themselves Americans, I do not begrudge them the satisfaction. To be sure, they are not entitled to it, as "America" was supposed to cover both the north and south, and American civilization does not reach quite so far yet; nor is it in my opinion likely to.

I think "Informers" for his correct view of the current attitude of the Canadian people, who are British and Canadian, as he says, from their heads down to their feet. I tried for many years to get recognition of this fact from my friends in the States, but without success. What I and others could not do the reciprocity campaign accomplished. I may add that when that view is accepted by our American friends, it will see more friendly relations between the two countries, for nothing has done more to keep up suspicion and animosity than the "Champ Clark flag waving and the boast 'The Union is the strongest in the world.'"

New York, August 4. CANCER.

The Broad Highway on Staten Island.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: On Sunday I walked five miles over the Fresh Kills road, leading southward from Richmond, the county seat of Richmond county. For the information of New Yorkers needing it, I may explain that Richmond county is New York's Staten Island.

In that walk I gathered enough from my shoes from the asphalt to plaster a wall. The tar was running down the sides in places like a thick, yellow, viscous and nearly as hot, and I would suggest, as it will be otherwise wasted, that the opposing candidates who will enter the approaching city campaign go down and get some of it, and coat their shoes with plenty. It won't cost them anything except transportation, as the taxpayers have paid for it.

In six hours in the lowlands of southern Staten Island I did not see or hear a single mosquito. The man on whose shady porch we rested most of the time said he had been there two months and there had not been two mosquitoes by them in the least.

W. J. L.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5.

A Letter from the Country.

(With incidental interruptions to the

writer by nearby persons.)

DEAR BILL: I take my pen in hand to tell you of this pleasant land. To which I've come to rest a while. Far from the city's heat and style. I think this is the coolest spot.

(I know of, and the shade trees!)

(Is that so? Ninety-eight degrees!)

Look so inviting and I'm glad!

(Another) guess hold my eyes!

(Oh, say, somebody swat the flies!)

Drink in the charm of earth and sky!

(Who said the cow was going dry?)

Spread out before us like a scene.

In front of us, the green, green, green.

A picture worth all sacrifice.

(Well, send to town and get more tea!)

The house is filled with sweet perfume

(Hey, take some water to my room!)

(Of flowers blushing pink and white.)

(What made that dog bark so last night?)

(And on our table is such fare)

(Who said the soup can't burn his hair?)

As dogs might envy if they knew

(Oh, I don't know what makes milk

blue!)

What in our garden grows. I'm blessed

(The city market gets the best)

If I could stand it to remain

In town as you do. (There's the train;)

I hope they sent that case of beer!

When, if you'd only come out here,

You'd get so much you can't get there.

Besides our bracing country air.

(I don't know, say that's tough!)

But, ta, ta, Bill, I've talked enough!

Come out and see us; throw your cares

(What's that? He said he'd make re-

turn!

Aside and let the city go.

There's nothing in it. Truly, Jos.

W. J. LAMPTON.

## THE MAYORALTY.

The Determination of a (Technically) Bad Citizen.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Just for that bit of impudence on the part of the fusion committee I know of one vote that will be cast for anybody that Tammany may put out. Perhaps there are others. Not that they have anything against Mitchell especially, but we don't propose being "sold" by a group of respectable citizens who refused, for political reasons, to do better by their blood, noblesse oblige. Not caring to choose the lesser of two evils we shall be pleased to vote for Tammany, where we are certain we know what we get. Oh, the hypocrisy of respectability, a bunch of "good citizens" deliberately nominating the least desirable man of the lot, on personal grounds! Good citizenship, laugh!

A "BAD" CITIZEN.

New York, August 5.

Independent Republican Sentiment for

Gayer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Who would swap a Gayer for a Mitchell? you ask in an editorial article. The independent Republican voter of your town now imposing on your time in this way has so long exercised such an influence in our country.

These adverse criticisms of the currency bill comprise objections that occur to almost every intelligent and conservative banker after a fair amount of study devoted to the measure, that the "reformed" system of Federal reserve notes and efficient control by banking people themselves and that it does involve, on the other hand, the necessity on the part of the banks of placing a large share of their assets in a species of trust controlled by politicians; that it calls for a needless and improper pledging of Government credit to the bank to redeem the new currency notes to be issued; that as the scheme is arranged there is the gravest danger of a harmful inflation of our currency system, hardly any effective provision being made for the redemption of notes issued by the newly created Federal reserve banks; that the compulsion sought to be placed upon the Federal reserve bank to rediscount the notes of another bank is wholly wrong, and a large number of other defects to which due emphasis has been given in the daily press.

Now, granting that all these defects should be remedied, there is a further fundamental objection to this measure which seems to me of greater importance than any that has been mentioned. This is, that the new system does not possess core enough, that it does not call for a sufficient centralization of banking power, or at least for such an amount of centralization as a bank of the United States ought to possess.

Under it we would have twelve great banks established in the United States, each of \$100,000,000 or \$200,000,000 rank, constituting the nucleus of so many separate and distinct banking centers. Would not the banks in such a system, so far from acting in harmony with each other and for the general good of the whole country, act in intense rivalry and competition with each other? They would act in accordance with what they conceived to be the best of their own sections, and there would follow a war of financial giants instead of the common pursuit by all these powers of something designed to benefit the country as a unit. In time of national emergency would not such a scheme prove to fritter and distribute our national resources, which if treated as a mass might serve both as a national protection and a source of national aggression if such should become necessary?

In other words, is the new system enough of a national bank and have we room enough in these United States for twelve great national banks of the kind mentioned?

Communication to THE SUN, where a somewhat different matter was under discussion, I called attention to the immense help derived by the German nation in the financial exigencies of the last two years from its possession of a great national institution like the Imperial bank of Germany. By means of the consummate skill with which Reichsbank has been managed and because of the power possessed by this central banking authority Germany has been saved from financial collapse in the last twelve months and gold has been attracted to the country in sufficient volume to build up its reserves to a safe and normal level.

An even better example is that afforded by the conduct of the Bank of France in this period, and particularly right at the immediate moment. The Bank of France has managed to draw over \$4,000,000,000 in gold to its shores from this country alone since the first of the present year, and it has done this because of the national policy prompted by it, and it could not have done it had been ten or a dozen banks of France in the country instead of only one bank. All intelligent financiers know the difficulty, almost the crisis, which has lately confronted the French nation. France is a bimetallic country, and for years has been getting along, on too small a reserve of actual gold. The country has lately awakened to the fact and a process of gold hoarding began many months ago and is still in progress. The financial leaders of the nation set about fortifying the resources of the land through gold imports.

Now, may I especially direct consideration to the effect of this policy, a policy with which this work has been done both in Germany and in France, but to the absolute patriotism that has dictated the efforts of the men in control of these banks, and to the unquestioning support given to them by all classes of politicians in their countries?

There has been no socialist or anarchist orator in France so wild as to give expression to the thought, even if the thought existed, that in making the sacrifices and causing others to make sacrifices that an additional amount of gold might be procured for the country the managers of the Bank of France have been actuated by a desire to further the aims of any one political party more than another.

The public opinion abroad seems to be of much higher plane than in our own country, at least so far as questions of money are concerned. The enormous value of a central banking institution is accepted on every hand, and no one ventures any suggestion that the management of the institution shall be entrusted to any other than a trained banker. Is there not here a lesson for our own country and for the members of Congress who will soon have to vote for or against the currency bill which Mr. Glass and Senator Owen have introduced in the House and Senate?

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5. ECONOMISTS.

The Walrus in the State Department.

The time has come, the Walrus said,

To talk to the children of the land.

To the Chaucerian circuit his,

To the Chaucerian circuit his,

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